

THE FAMOUS  
HISTORY  
OF

GUY Earl of WARWICK.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL ROWLAND



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I understand from your letter  
that you have been thinking of  
writing me about the matter of  
the school at New York City.  
I am glad to hear that you are  
interested in it, and I hope  
you will write soon.

Your friend,  
John A. Smith

Thomas Pophins

Thomas Popkin Las Books

1709





*to y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Philip Earle of Mountgomery*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord

Herbert of Sherrland, and of the most

Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.

**R**ight worthily Enobled and  
truly Honourable LORD!  
vouchsafe of your generous courtesie,  
(to which all men yield a general ap-  
plaud) to accept this slight and weak  
Poem derived from a strong and  
mighty Subject (to wit) great GUY  
of WARWICK, (our famous Coun-  
try-man) whose Valour hath been the  
Worlds wonder, and his admirable  
Acts of Chivalry, terrors and daunt-  
ing fears of all the opposites of him-

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*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

self and this Kingdom. The neglecting of whose worthy Memory, hath induced my more willing than able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-consumed Champion, upon whose honourable Combat King *Atbelstone* ventured the whole Realm of *England*. Disdain not therefore (most worthful and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed Virtues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artless Lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, serve only to keep Valour from Oblivions destruction.

*Most humbly devoted to*

*your Honours Virtues,*

SAMUEL ROWLAND.

T O



## To the Noble English Nation.

**R**Enowned English! whom our Lines invite,  
To view the *Acts* of Warwick's worthy Knight;  
Whose deeds of old, writ with an ancient Pen,  
Have now outworn the memories of men.  
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age,  
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:  
Where Paper is employed every day,  
To carry Verse about the Town for pay:  
That Stories should intomb'd with worthies lie,  
And Fame, through age extinct, obscurely die.  
Deign to accept what Recreations hours  
Have spent upon this Countryman of ours:  
It seems too far unkind, that in these days,  
We toyl so much in other Nations praise,  
That we neglect the famousing of our own,  
Which over-matchful unto them were known.  
England hath bred such men of Valour try'd,  
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.  
Take here a view of Knighthoods ancient face,  
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case:  
(His broken Launce, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,  
His valiant Combats with his Foes in Field:  
The wounds and scars insculp'd upon his Flesh,  
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh.  
His reasons that did animate to Arms,  
His freeing tender Ladies from their harms;  
His backed Target, and his splinter'd Spear,  
His killing Serpents, savage Boar, and Bear.

Thou

## The Epistle.

Then look on some, in ages since benighted,  
Who never were with martial deeds delighted:  
That are no kin to them which went of old  
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold:  
And you shall see that one doth wear the name,  
When t<sup>h</sup>' others actions merits for the same.  
The same for merit was renowned GUY,  
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy;  
And never held his life in Coward-fear,  
But ventur'd it at point of sword and spear:  
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,  
And bade all welcome, came to fight with him:  
Were it a Giant like to Gogmagog,  
Or Cerberus that Triple-headed Dog,  
Or he that often did Olympus climb,  
And as the only Club-man of his time,  
Great Hercules, if he had breath'd on ground,  
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd,  
There would have been a Combat 'twixt them two,  
To try what proud Alcides force could do;  
Or Hector, whose applaud the World doth know,  
Or fierce Achilles fearful to his Foe.  
Had all these liv'd together in an age,  
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.  
Kind English yield unto your Countryman  
As gentle entertainment as you can;  
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust,  
Sleeping in death as other mortals must:  
With your life giving breath, revive his Fame,  
That both deserv'd an honourable Name.  
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me  
That all the Knights we have were such as he.



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## To the Honourable LADIES of ENGLAND.

**L**adies, in elder times your sex did need  
Knighthoods true Valour to defend your rights;  
Of admirable actions we do read,  
Have been achiev'd in cruel bloody fights;  
Full ugly Serpents were destroy'd and slain,  
Strange Monsters mangled, Giants hew'd in twain.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize  
Than worthy *English*, bred where we are born?  
Such as did ease and idleness despise:  
For Armour more by them than silk was worn.  
These were the Champions, that for Ladies good,  
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such as Sir *GUR*, whose story here we tell,  
Valours renowned honourable man:  
He lov'd your Kind (in heart exceeding well),  
How can you chuse but love his Legend then?  
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,  
Gainst melancholly, that same dull disease.

*Samuel Rowland.*

THE

## The Argument.

**G**UY of Warwick (Son to Earl ROBANDS Steward (blooming youth of Natures Spring), fell in love with the Earl's fair Daughter Phælice, whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a mean Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable estate, did afflict his tormented mind with most distressed passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with the Picture of Mars, enjoyns her to love Guy, as the admired Champion of Christendom: Upon this she yieldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into France, and shortly returns with Trophies of Victory, and Prizes of Honour; But Phælice not satisfied therewith, he leaves England again, performing in foreign Countries wonderful Acts: Then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty days he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the Holy land, effecting in that journey many strange things: then supposed to be dead, comes back disguised and out-worn to memory, and fights a Combat for Athelstone, killed Colbrond the Giant of Denmark, freeing thereby the Kingdom from Invasion. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Alms to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the hour of his death, and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which token she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes; dying her self shortly after him, for very grief and extreme sorrow.



THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY

O F

*Guy Earl of Warwick.*

*In Nature's green unmellded years  
Cupid tormenteth Guy ;  
Inthralls his heart to Phælice love,  
by object of the eye.*

CANTO I.

When dreadful *Mars* in Armour every day  
Lov'd stately *Juno* and *Bellonia* best,  
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,  
For then he took himself to ease and rest ;  
When all his thoughts unto the proof were steel'd,  
And all his Actions manag'd in the field.  
A knight of his (a worthy English-man)  
That went like him, clad in an Iron coat,  
In *Warwick*, with the worlds applaud began  
To be a man of admirable note:  
Such was the Valour he ascended by,  
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.  
This man compos'd of courage, full of spirit,  
Of hard adventures, and of great designs.

B

To

## The Famous History

To fight with Giants took a chief delight,  
Or search some Cave that Monster undermines;  
Meet with a Boar to make a bloody fray,  
Or combat with a Dragon by the way.  
Yet ere he entertain'd his Love to Arms,  
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,  
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce alarms,  
The victory of such a prize to prove,  
As elder Times before could ne're enjoy;  
A sweeter face than lost old *Priam* Troy.  
Fair *Phelice*, equal match to *Cupids* mother;  
A curious Creature, and the Kingdoms pride;  
All spacious *Britain* had not such another,  
For glorious Beauty, and good parts beside:  
'Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,  
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.  
For most directly she had *Venus* hair,  
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye:  
Her Cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair;  
The very lips of perfect Coral-dye:  
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,  
A soft touch, pleasing, smooth, and silken skin.  
With all Perfections make a peerless Creature  
from head to foot, she had them every one;  
Mirrour she was of comeliness and feature,  
An *English* Phoenix, supreme fair alone:  
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,  
Beauty lives no-where but in *Phelice* face:  
In *Phelice* face (this object of *Guy's* sight)  
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,  
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,  
From thence anon his heart depriveth pain.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,  
Another time, stern looks work discontent.  
Thus on Love's Seas, tost by the storms of terrour,  
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast ;  
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,  
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast ;  
He sighs that fortune doth so strangely deal,  
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal ;  
That Beauty will not heal (quoth he) fond man,  
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair goddess too ;  
By looks to know a womans heart who can ?  
And look on her is only all I do :  
I'll take another course more resolute,  
To speak, to write my honest-meaning suit.  
But if I should be so, what hope have I  
That she will hear my words, or read my lines ?  
She is Earl *Roban's* heir, and born too high  
To condescend unto my poor designs :  
Though I a Gentleman by birth am known,  
Earldoms I want, and Lordships I have none.  
O! Women are ambitious out of measure,  
They mount aloft upon the wings of Pride ;  
And often match more for this worldly Treasure,  
Than any loving cause on earth beside :  
Which makes some wish rather there were no gold  
Than love for it should base be bought and sold.  
If such she be (as not be such is rare)  
What will my words, or sighs, or tears prevail ?  
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,  
And strive against both wind and tide to sail :  
A restless Stone with *Sisyphus* I roul,  
And heap continual torments on my soul.

Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,  
 Where *Phæbus* Chariot burns in brightest flame,  
 And shall be censur'd, that in childish things,  
 As love, I have begot eternal shame:  
 Rejected and despis'd in base esteem  
 Toth' envious world, I shall no better seem.  
 But cease, Love's coward, banish thoughts of fear,  
 Be resolute, and good success attend thee;  
*Phelice* of force a loving heart must bear,  
 If he that shoots love-darts of gold befriend thee,  
 And by no reason he can be thy foe,  
 Because thou lov'st his mothers picture so.  
 I am resolv'd: Go on to *Phelice* Bower,  
 And from as true a heart as flesh can yield,  
 Intreat her hear me in a blessed hour;  
 And with kind pity all my sorrows shield;  
 To look upon me with remorse of mind,  
 That holds my life as her love is inclin'd.  
 This said, to *Warwick* Castle he repairs,  
 Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd;  
*Earl Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares  
 With hunting-sports to have him entertain'd:  
 But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,  
 And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.  
 The Earl much grieved at this alteration,  
 Sent his Physician for to do him good;  
 Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation,  
 Consisted in the present letting blood:  
 And that his body in distemperature,  
 Was difficult and very hard to cure.  
 Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,  
 I find my self to be exceeding ill;

But



But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,  
 Would heal me better than thy physick's skill:  
 Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,  
 And *Phelix* soundeth somewhat near the same.  
 Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,  
 Nor in the Herbal read of such a Flower:  
 Yet in this Castle it is to be got;  
 Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower:  
 I'll find it out my self, Doctor refrain,  
*Galen* ne're had the Art to cure my pain.  
 Left in this passion to converse with moan,  
 As in a window he did sighing lye,  
 In a delightful Garden all alone,  
 The Emp'ress of his thoughts he did espy;  
 Which to his soul did much rejoycing bring,  
 Fear was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.  
 Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun  
 Shines favourable on my gloomy cares:  
 Now may I end the grief that love begun,  
 And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares:  
 Now will I enter into yonder shade,  
 To court the worlds admired Beauteous Maid.  
*Phelice* I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,  
 Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow:  
 I never went a wooing: Teach me how  
 Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:  
 But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,  
 That she believe me, when I swear I love her.  
 With speed unto the Garden then he goes,  
 Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in;  
 And in a curious Arbour of repose,  
 Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skin:

Whom

## The Famous History

Whom he salutes with grace and majesty,  
Beholding her with Love's enchanting eye.  
Fairest (quoth he) of all the works in Nature,  
Whose Equal never breath'd this common air,  
More wonderful than earth can yield a creature  
For every part belonging unto fair;  
Immortal Creature of Coelestial frame,  
Eternal honour still attend thy name.  
I come to thee about the like poor suit,  
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with,  
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit  
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith.  
'Tis only love that I with heart present;  
'Tis only love must give my soul content.  
Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion;  
Compassionate the grief that I endure.  
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion,  
With pity take my dying heart in cure:  
O let it not in groaning torment swell!  
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.  
Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,  
And deeds of honour for thy name have done;  
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more  
Than doth poor *Guy* thy Father Steward's Son;  
His love to thee is so inestimable,  
To countervail it all, they are not able.

*Phælice* thus interrupts his Protestation.

No more of Love, cease gentle Youth (quoth she)  
I have a mind fram'd of another fashion,  
Virginity shall live and die with me:  
Love is compos'd of idleness and play,  
And leadeth unto vain delights that stray.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Besides it ill beseems thee, be so bold,  
Inferiour and unfit for my degree;  
And if unto my Father this was told,  
I know it would procure reproof to thee.  
That Proverb in this point might make thee wise,  
*That Princely Eagles scorn the catching Flies.*  
And with this answer she departed thence,  
Leaving poor Guy more vexed than before:  
For now in deep despair of recompence,  
He never doth expect Love's comfort more;  
But unto sorrow, sighs, and tears, doth give,  
Wishing each day the last he had to live.

GUY in strange passions for his Love,  
Great torments doth endure:  
Till Phælice sees a Vision, and  
Doth yield her Patient cure.

### CANTO II.

With tired thoughts remains this woful wight,  
Distracted in his melancholy mind,  
Partaking nothing that contains delight;  
All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind.  
Phælice denies him Love; whose sound of breath,  
Is like the Judg that dooms a man to death.  
Like to Orestes in his frantick fits,  
He tare the golden tresses from his head:  
Or mad Orlando quite depriv'd of wits,  
From whom the use of sense and reason fled:  
So fares it with this Love-tormented man,  
Whose raging thoughts into disorders ran.

## The Famous History

Society he shuns, and keeps alone,  
Accusing Destiny, and cursing *Beauty*;  
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,  
Beyond the limits of all love and duty:  
*Venus* (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,  
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?  
What is the cause I am rejected thus?  
Who interrupts my Love to beauties mirrour?  
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,  
There to be plunged in eternal terror.  
I'll to *Jove's* Court, and there with shouts and cries  
Make such a clamour as shall rent the skies.  
Shall I be cozened as *Orpheus* was?  
Assist me *Theseus* to revenge this wrong.  
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass?  
*Enridice* is sold even for a Song:  
Friends, Furies, Goblins, *Hidra's*, for a fall,  
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.  
I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,  
And in bright *Phæbus* flames my self will wrap:  
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*,  
To sleep in *Thetis* watery crystal lap.  
From thence I'll post unto the Torrid *Zone*,  
To find which way fair *Phalice* Love is gone.  
*Jason* had luck to win the Golden Fleece;  
I like the skin, but for the horns I care not:  
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish Wench of *Greece*:  
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not.  
Trust a fair face! Not I, let him that list;  
What's *Hercules* without a Club or's fist?  
Thus for a time his Senses were deprived,  
Being left by love as blind as *Cupid's* eyes;



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Till Reason to perfections state revived,  
And extreme passions ceast to Tyrannize :  
For in a Vision *Phælice* did descry  
The Power of Love, and yields her heart to *Guy*.



*Fair Phælice in a Vision  
Entertains the love of Guy ;  
Injoyning him adventures strange,  
His manly force to try.*

C

By

## *The Famous History*

By *Morpheus* posselt of quiet sleep,  
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,  
The heart-tormentor, he that pierceth deep,  
And maketh Lovers buy their bargain deer,  
Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,  
And wounded *Phelice* in her Maiden-bed.  
Before her he presents a Martial wight,  
Clad all in Armour for Encounters fit ;  
And says, *Sweet Virgin, love this man of might,*  
*Give him the heart, for he doth merit it ;*  
*For valour, courage, comely shape and limb,*  
The world hath not a Champion like to him.  
Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby  
T' adorn thy Noble and renowned birth ;  
He shall aspire unto such Majesty,  
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth,  
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,  
And by the Sword perform admired things.  
Be not ambitious that thou art high-born ;  
Be not disdainful of a mean estate ;  
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn,  
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties mate ;  
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow ;  
If I say, Love, it must and shall be so.  
Fix not thy thoughts vainly on worldly wealth,  
(Coyn should not be foundation unto Love)  
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth ;  
These money-matches cannot happy prove :  
For as the goods of Fortune do decay,  
So love, which they beget, consumes away.  
I know how *Pluto's* golden Treasure sways,  
By devillish and accursed false illusion :

I know



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

I know how Womens humours now a-days,  
Run after Riches to their own confusion ;  
I see the Peasant with most abject life,  
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.  
But *Phalies*, if thou knew'st as much as I,  
How base the gods esteem of such abuses,  
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,  
Which are not made for one another's uses ;  
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold  
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.  
Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,  
And take original from true affection ;  
It must reciprocal return again,  
Or else it doth discover imperfection.  
Loves inward thoughts concur in outward deeds,  
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.  
Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee ;  
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl :  
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee ;  
Hadst thou the *Arabian* Gold, or *Indian* Pearl  
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came  
For a sweet face, his purpose is the same.  
Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,  
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine own ;  
Afford him Love-room in thy heart to dwell ;  
Let him no longer live in pensive moan :  
But the next time thou dost behold his face,  
Give him encouragement, with kind imbrace :  
And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit  
The very Center of her tender heart ;  
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,  
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,

## The Famous History

For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,  
Because he would be sure she should be sped.  
With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,  
And from her eyes a show'r of Tears did fall :  
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone  
Whose power I find is powerful over all ?  
Oh ! call him back, my fault I do confess ;  
I have in Love been too too pitiless.  
Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,  
And at her Altars I will sacrifice ;  
From this day forth I will adore no other ;  
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,  
But she that hath imperious rule and might,  
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight.  
Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made  
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make :  
One shaft had been sufficient to perswade  
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take.  
*Guy* more than Life, doth *Phelice* love prefer ;  
*Phelice* affects *Guy* dear, as he doth her.  
But unto him her love is yet unknown,  
Though his be made apparent long before :  
He understands not that she is his own,  
He feels no salve appli'd unto his sore ;  
Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,  
A second Suit he boldly thus presents.

*Phelice* I was arraigned long ago,  
And now I look for Judgment at thy hand :  
I have been prisoner in a Jayl of wo  
So long, that speedy sentence I demand :  
Oh speak unto me either life or death !  
For I am tired with my vital breath.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

If kindness dwell in that fair shape of thine,  
Express it with (*I love*) if none there be,  
Then say, *I cannot unto love incline*;  
And so thou mak'st a quick dispatch with me:  
Censure me sudden, either smile or frown,  
I will not live thus for this Kingdom's Crown.  
*Phelice* reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,  
To fashion Love, without my Friends consent;  
What, would you wish me to be one of those  
That are to Parents disobedient?  
Shall fond affections over-rule the will,  
And do you good, to be accounted ill?  
You know my Fathers greatness in the Land,  
And if he should (as there's no other like)  
The love of one too mean for me withstand,  
How could we bear the stroke disgrace would strike?  
Nothing but death would make my sorrow sweet,  
And shame would wrap me in a Winding-sheet.  
Doubt not of Father in this case (quoth he)  
For *Warwick's* Earl (the Honourable man)  
Shall see such deeds of Valour done by me,  
To have dislike he neither will nor can.  
Injoyn me what Adventures thou think'st good,  
That wounds and scars may let my body blood.  
Why then (quoth she) *Guy* make thy valour shine  
Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sun;  
My heart, my soul, my life, my love is thine:  
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:  
Make thy self famous by a Martial life,  
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.  
I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love,  
I shall esteem it bought at easie rate:

## The Famous History

O that I were at work, my task to prove,  
With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate!  
*Phœlice* farewell, this kiss thou gavest me,  
Shall make a number kiss the ground for thee.

From England Guy to France doth go  
Where deeds of Arms are done;  
And thence returns triumphantly,  
With all his Prizes won.

### CANTO III.

INlarg'd from sorrow's thralldom by hope's bail,  
Guy arms his thoughts with Honours enterprize,  
Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sail,  
Leaving fair *England*, where his comfort lies.  
He seeks for enemies, he longs for foes,  
And now desires to be a dealing blows.  
In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands  
That there was Warlike-business to be done,  
For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands,  
The race of Valour did intend to run:  
A great advantage was propounded there,  
Which news was musick to his greedy ear.  
The prize that drew them all unto this place,  
Was Daughter to the *Almain* Emperor,  
Fair *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,  
It had attractive beauty full of power:  
In her such Graces did unite together,  
The Worthies of the World came posting thither.  
Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)

By



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

By manly courage, and victorious might,  
Should have her mounted on a milk-white Steed,  
Two Greyhounds, and a Faulcon all as white :  
This was his lot that could attain the day,  
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.  
Our English Knight prepares him for the field,  
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair ;  
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held  
About the face that was so wondrous fair :  
Though only one must speed, and hundreds miss,  
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.  
The spacious field where they assembled were,  
Hardly affordeth room for armed crouds :  
The golden glittering Armour that was there,  
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the clouds :  
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp the ground,  
To hear the clamour of the Trumpets sound.  
A *German* Prince of an undaunted sprite,  
A first and very fierce encounter gave  
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite  
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave ;  
Till by a stroke the Earl receiv'd on's head,  
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.  
Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,  
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do ;  
Like force he never felt before nor since,  
Such hard extreams he ne're was put unto :  
Just where himself had laid the Earl in swoond,  
There down comes he both horse & man to ground.  
Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,  
And desp'rate humour did incense him so,  
He vow'd by Heaven nothing should assuage

His

## *The Famous History*

His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.  
Prepare thee, fight, to breathe thy last (quoth he)  
Monster, or Devil, or what e're thou be.  
They joyn together with a dreadful fight,  
The splinters fly, and clattering Armour sounds;  
The dust ascended up and blinds their sight;  
The blood allays it, streaming forth their wounds  
Both their swords brake, they light, and on his back  
*Guy* threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack  
Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Cousin then,  
And for encounter he prepareth next:  
Quoth *Guy*, I find y'ar wretches and no men,  
That with a blow or fall so soon be vext:  
But come, and welcome, I am for you all;  
We say in *England*, *The weakest must to th' wall*.  
They rush together, that the ground did shake,  
Whilst animating Trumpets sound alarm;  
In *Rainer's* shoulder *Guy* a wound did make,  
Whereby he lost the use of his right arm;  
Yielding himself as othere did before,  
Unable once to wield his weapon more.  
Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*,  
And not a man was forward to proceed;  
Till *Lovaines* Duke his Fortunes went to try,  
Having good hope that he should better speed:  
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did sit  
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.  
I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,  
That hath the force of Magick in thine arm:  
I'll teach thee to believe e're we depart,  
Quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feel that I can charm  
I'll conjure thee even with an Iron Spell,



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.  
With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,  
That th' other did return a weak reply ;  
With second and with third his Helmet broke ;  
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yeild than die  
Fight for a Woman he that list for me,  
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.  
Then not a man that would encounter more,  
They all were terrifi'd, and stood in fear ;  
And in a rage among themselves they swore,  
What shall a stranger all the honour bear  
Of this great day ? What cursed fortune's this,  
That all the glory of the field is his !  
Amongst themselves his happiness they curst,  
In envy's heat, not knowing what to do ;  
They could have kill'd him, but that no man durst  
Put his own life in hazard thereunto.  
If wishes might have done it, he had dy'd,  
But fight with him not any could abide.  
The Emperor, for *Guy*, a Knight did send,  
Asking his Name and Birthright, which he told ;  
Then said His Majesty, I much commend  
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold :  
Brave *English*-man, thou art thy Countreys pride,  
In *Europe* lives not such a man beside.  
I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great ;  
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice ;  
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,  
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes.  
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more  
Than in my life I ever saw before.  
Come and receive thy due desert of me,

## *The Famous History*

My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose,  
The Greyhounds, Steed, and Faulcon, take to thee;  
Thy worthiness doth merit more than those:  
Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake,  
Which I a witness of my Love do make.  
*Guy* thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour,  
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last;  
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,  
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast,  
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,  
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.  
Madam, accept your loyal *English* Knight,  
To do true service when you please command it:  
Who, while he hath a drop of blood, will fight  
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it:  
To be your Husband is degree too high;  
'Tis Grace sufficient, call me Servant *Guy*.  
In *England* doth my marriage-Love remain,  
To whom I must and will be true for ever;  
About whose face Nature hath took such pain,  
I durst have sworn flesh cou'd have matcht it never;  
But now I find (that curiously have ey'd her)  
There is a *Phœnix* in the world beside her,  
And that's your self; I dare the world deny it;  
But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,  
No human judgment in the world can try it,  
Who hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride.  
I dare be bold to call you Beauties Twins,  
And *Venus* Blackamoor to both your skins.  
Oh *Phelice*! here's thy Picture in this Princess,  
Methinks th'art present in her lovely look:  
Thou that of my souls faculties art Mistress,

Recorded



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Recorded in Time's brazen-leaved Book ;  
To thee if I prove false, or be milled,  
Jove's fearful vengeance light upon my head.  
Quoth *Blanch*, Thy constancy (and sighed deep)  
Is highly to be praised ; thou dost well :  
He that Loves-promise will not faithful keep,  
In horrors and in torments let him dwell.  
But I suppose thy vows are yet to make,  
And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.  
What I avouch is true, the Heavens knows,  
My protestations are above the skies ;  
Madam, the Sun declines, day ancient grows,  
I'll take my leave of you in humble-wise,  
My Body is unto repose inclin'd,  
Although no rest be in my troubled mind.  
My troubled mind's in *Warwick* Castle now,  
Although my body be in *Normandy* :  
Here I make others bend, there do I bow,  
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,  
Even at Love's feet I cast my self to ground,  
Though Victory my temples here have crown'd.  
I cannot stay, I must to *England* back,  
My mind misgives me, *Phelice* is not well :  
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black !  
I'll suit me in a mournful Iron-shell :  
For where the mind meets with suspicious cares,  
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.  
Yet I have much good fortune on my side,  
That know the means how to attain my bliss ;  
For *Phelice*'s Love is to conditions ty'd,  
And I do trust she is my own by this :  
By this she may : but if she more require,

## *The Faints History*

There's nothing in the world I will deny'r.  
With hasty journey he is homeward bound,  
Leaving the vulgar to the nine days wonder :  
Arriving safely on the *English* ground ;  
Posting to her, suppos'd too long asunder :  
Whom with more joy his chearful looks behold,  
Then can by pen, or lines of ink be told.



*In France all Knights of Christendom,  
To win a Princess, meet ;  
Gif Cinquers all, and wins the prize,  
Then doth his Goddess greet.*

CANT.



# of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*With the rewards of Victory  
Guy doth his Love present;  
But Phælice is not satisfied:  
Him forth again she sent.*

## CANTO IV.

**I**N the supposed Haven of repose,  
Hope casteth Anchor for his Barque to ride:  
With kind salute unto his Love he goes:  
Who gives embracement, and all things beside  
Befits affection; all such complements  
As Love can look for, gracious she presents.  
Fair Foe (quoth *Guy*) I come to challenge thee,  
For there's no man that I can meet, will fight;  
I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,  
Not one that dares maintain a Ladies right:  
Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,  
That let me win a Princess from them all.  
*Phælice*, this sword hath won an *Emperors* daughter,  
As sweet a Wench as lives in *Europe's* space:  
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,  
Well worth my bargain; but thy better face  
Hath made me leave her to some others Lot;  
For, I protest by Heaven, I love her not.  
This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and these Hounds  
I took, in full payment of the rest:  
For I will keep my love within the bounds  
That do inclose the compass of my brest:  
My constancy to thee is all my care,  
Leaving all other Women as they are.

But

## The Famous History

But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now ?  
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part ?  
Art thou resolved still to keep thy vow ?  
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart ?  
Canst thou forsake the world, change Maiden-life,  
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife ?  
Quoth *Phalice*, Worthy Knight, my joys are great,  
To understand thy honourable deeds :  
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,  
Their Valour, Fame, and Reputation bleeds :  
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake  
Such hard Adventures didst vouchsafe to take.  
To win a Princess was a precious prize ;  
But sure, methinks, if I had been Sir *Guy*,  
She should have found more favour in mine eyes  
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.  
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon, and a Hound,  
More worthy than a Lady so renown'd ?  
Perhaps you'll say, 'tis done for love of me ;  
I do imagine, nay, believe it so:  
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,  
Than thou, or any but my self doth know :  
I'll never marry while life's glass doth run,  
But only thee, or I will dye a Nun.  
But give me leave to speak my mind (kind Love)  
Let me lock up my secrets in thy brest :  
I had a Vision did affection move,  
*Cupid* came to me in my quiet rest,  
And did command me, in his mothers name,  
To love thee : thus perswading to the same.  
An armed man (just as I see thee now)  
He set before me, speaking to me thus :

*Phalice*



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Phelice* be gentle-hearted, yeilding, bow,  
Do not oppose against the power of us ;  
But all thy love, thy loyalty, and truth,  
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.  
Throughout the world his Fame shall be admired,  
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath.  
To end Kings quarrel, he shall be required,  
His worthiness shall tread no common path :  
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect,  
Matters of moment, things of great respect.  
This (in effect) he did to me relate,  
And I have been obedient to his will :  
Now if I would, I know not how to hate ;  
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill :  
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,  
This secret of my heart thou shouldst not know.  
But now, my Love, before thou dost possess  
Thy constant *Phelice* in her Marriage-bed,  
Thou must do deeds of greater worthiness,  
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.  
I'll ever love thee, though I ne're do more,  
But will not grant thee use of love before.  
Not grant me use of love (quoth he) fair Friend ?  
Why then of force I must abroad again :  
I will content thee, or I'll make an end  
One way or other, slay, or else be slain :  
Ere I return again into this Realm,  
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream.  
Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright :  
For I protest by all the Powers Divine,  
No unjust Quarrel shall procure me fight,  
To wrong the wronged I will ne're incline ;

But

## *The Famous History*

But stand for those that by oppression fall,  
In Honour's venture, be it life and all.  
Come my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,  
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory arms,  
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,  
Bestow upon me in the stead of Charms:  
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,  
How thou art now to imitate her life.  
Farewel, my *Phælice*, health and happiness  
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire.  
And I beseech God grant me like success,  
As I resolve my love to thee intire,  
At my return, when *Mars* his bus'ness ends,  
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.  
And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,  
And tells him he is come to take his leave,  
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,  
To purchase that which worthy men receive:  
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,  
I find that Valour nothing can afford;  
Therefore I'll search abroad what's to be done,  
From Countrey unto Kingdom I'll resort.  
By Nature's course my Glass hath much to run:  
I well may spare some years for fighting-sport:  
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,  
I hate a Coward, as I hate the Devil.  
*Guy* (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,  
The news is more than I can well endure,  
Thy wished company so soon to miss,  
When I did make account I had been sure  
Possess of thee, at thy late travels end;  
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend?

Re-



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Remain with me, trust not to Fortune's pow'r :  
Though now she have so well and kindly dealt ;  
She may alot thee an unlucky hour,  
That instantly her favours so have felt :  
Her courtesies are most unconstant things,  
Believe her not, she dealeth false with Kings.  
Triumphant on her wheel now thou dost sit,  
And with Fame's Triumph thy glory doth remain:  
Oh ! do not over-rashly hazard it ;  
Lost honour is not eas'ly got again.  
May not one cursed and unhappy blow,  
Betray thy self to thy insulting Foe !  
May not a Monster, or a savage beast,  
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath ?  
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkest least,  
Cut off thy course by an untimely death ?  
May not a thousand dangers on thee light,  
Where but thy self, thy wronged self must right ?  
(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not fear,  
That to adventures doth himself dispose ;  
He must a mind of resolution bear,  
And think himself too good for all his foes ;  
I'll never dread I shall be over-man'd  
While I have hands to fight, or legs to stand.  
Therefore in humble sort I leave your Honour,  
Wishing all health unto your happy state :  
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,  
Why, she shall see I will disdain her hate :  
What star soever sway'd when I was born,  
I have a mind will laugh mis-hap to scorn.

## The Famous History

Guy to the Duke of Lovain goes,  
And joins with him in strength  
Against the Emperor Reynar,  
Then makes his peace at length,

### CANTO V.

NOW Guy expects a favourable gail,  
Which to his hearts desire he doth attain:  
And with a speedy passage he doth sail,  
To seek adventures out in France again;  
Where finding none, from thence away he hies  
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'ror lies.  
For *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain's* hap was such,  
At Turnament a Noble-man to kill,  
The Emperor's Cousin, whom he loved much,  
And took the death of him exceeding ill:  
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,  
And War's insu'd betwixt two mighty foes.  
Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid:  
But in the way an accident befell;  
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,  
And's life in question, which he freed well.  
*Otton* in France before disgrac'd by *Guy*,  
Had vow'd where e're he met him, he should dye.  
And to that end, sixteen appointed were  
To lie in ambush, and surprise him so,  
All men of resolution, void of fear,  
That in a Forrest did themselves bestow,  
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more  
The like distress he ne're was in before.



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Now Gentlemen, and loving friends (quoth he)  
Shew your selves *English*-hearted, right *English*;  
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three:

But I the fourth, will stand you in some stead;  
You three shall combat six, that's two for one;  
And with the other ten let me alone.

Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,  
That ratling armour eccho'd in the Skye;

Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,  
That down they drop on every side, and dye.

Here lyeth one that hath no legs to stand,  
And there another wanting head and hand.

*Guy* quickly made dispatch of his half score,  
He was not long in ridding them away:

But then remained half a dozen more,  
Which two of his most worthy Knights did slay:

When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,  
And uttered forth this fearful angry sound:

Ah villains! how my soul abhors this sight:

For these how my revenging passion strives:

This bloody deed with blood I will requite.

You die for it, had each a thousand lives:

Two slain out-right, and *Herand* wounded too,

Is the last cursed act that you shall do,

With force (as 'twere exceeding human strength)

He layes upon them blows to stagger under,

And brought them brethless to the ground, at length

Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows asunder:

There lye (quoth he) and feast fowles of the air,

Or feed those savage-beasts that will repair.

But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd

Their dearest lives for the defence of me,

## The Famous History

And came from *England*, as their love inclin'd,  
Companions in my hardest haps to be ;  
I will inter in honourable wise,  
With best solemnity I can devise.  
From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,  
He rode, and did commit that charge with care,  
Who did perform the office carefully,  
And *Herand* home unto his Cell he bare :  
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain,  
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.  
Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,  
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt ;  
For left alone, no company he had,  
To ease the torments that in heart he felt :  
Till travelling along, at last he found  
A place for honour very much renown'd.  
There did he meet with Tilt and Tournament,  
And entertain both glory and delight ;  
There Fortune yeilded him her full consent  
To win the best of every valiant Knight :  
Of all the worthy men that did resort,  
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyner's* Court.  
Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,  
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all :  
And understanding that some great affairs  
'Twixt *segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,  
And th' Emperor ; *Millain* he did forsake,  
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take.  
As he did pass upon the way, he meets  
A Pilgrim, that with travel seemed faint :  
Whom in all human courtesies he greets,  
And with some news entreats him to acquaint

His



## of Guy Earle of Warwick.

His longing-ear; he with a sigh or two  
Said, Sir, with news I little have to do.  
One thing in all this world is all my care,  
And only that, and nothing else I mind;  
I seek a man, and seek him in despair;  
Because I long have sought, and cannot find:  
A man more dearly to my souls love ty'd,  
Than all the men are in the world beside.  
Why, what art thou, quoth *Guy*, or who is he?  
Of kindness be so kind, as tell in brief.  
I am an *English* man, of Knights degree,  
(Quoth *Herand*) and the subject of my grief,  
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man:  
*Guy* with joys tears lights to imbrace him then.  
And art thou living, *Herand*, my dear friend  
(Quoth he)? and kindly took him in his arms.  
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,  
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?  
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,  
With wholsome Medicines and Salves he ~~gave~~ me.  
*Guy* did rejoyce, and *Herand*'s joys abound  
At this so good and happy accident;  
No angry Star in opposition frown'd,  
But each was owner of his own content:  
So posting with good fortune on their side,  
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride.  
The City in distress besieg'd they find,  
And very small resistance could be made;  
But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,  
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.  
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,  
We have an honourable valiant man.

Advise

## The Famous History

Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,  
To free the present danger we are in:  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedom to be won  
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin:  
Let's issue forth upon them presently,  
Our Courages will make the Cowards fly.  
Ple give consent to any thing thou wilt,  
Thy project willingly I do approve:  
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,  
All follow thee, that come to me in love,  
Open the Gates, let's beat them from our walls  
*He lies no lower than the ground, that falls.*  
Then suddenly the City they forsake,  
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,  
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,  
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt,  
Of thirty thousand that in siege there lay,  
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.  
The Emperor at this was much agrieved,  
And ~~with~~ new forces gave a new assault,  
Knowing the City could not be relieved,  
And then their strength would weaken by default.  
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,  
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.  
*Guy* and the Duke upon the walls appear,  
And tell him he shall never win the Town:  
For they can spare their Soldiers much good chear,  
Throwing them victuals in abundance down:  
In treating them, if they want more than that,  
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.  
But now quoth *Guy* your bodies are well fed,  
How do you feel your stomachs to go fight?

I am



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

I am afraid you are not rightly bred,  
But Dunghils, that will sooner crow than bite,  
For still when Cowards do begin a fray,  
Look e're it ends, to see them run away,  
And so your selves have lately done we see, (feels:  
Your tongues were heard but hands there's no man  
Most hot to brabble and contend you be,  
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels.  
We did suspect when you came here to forage,  
We should have been incumbred with your courage.  
But it's not so, alas you're not the men,  
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch;  
For waking we'll encounter one for ten,  
And never wish to have a better match.  
Have at you once again, sit fast, we come,  
March on my hearts, sound trumpet, strike up drum;  
Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,  
Fighting like men that laugh pale death to scorn,  
Resolved now they would their City free,  
Or never live to see the next day morn.  
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,  
And on the *Almains* side the day was lost.  
The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their foes in chase:  
Wholike so many Hares away do fly,  
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace,  
So sweet is life to them that fear to die.  
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,  
Their glory, honour, fame and life should bleed,  
The Victors to the City then retired,  
With Trophies of triumphant glory won,  
And all that heard the action much admired,  
The great exploit so resolutely done:

But

## *The Famous History*

But unto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield,  
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæsar* of our field.  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I joy not half so much,  
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword;  
As I should glory, if my hap were such,  
'Twixt you and th' Emperor to make accord :  
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it ;  
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers Wit.  
The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat  
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town ;  
Danger that seems but little, may prove great,  
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyner's* Crown.  
Go honourable man, what thou shalt do,  
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.  
*Guy* goes unto the Emperor, speaks thus ;  
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,  
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us ;  
And love to thee, if thou wilt love imbrace :  
As we are Christians, let us War no more,  
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore.  
We sue to thee not in a servile manner,  
As dreading any power or force thou hast ;  
For Victory doth now display his banner,  
And War yields us a sweet and pleasant tast ;  
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience-cause,  
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.  
Speak *Reyner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do ?  
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends ;  
Give me an answer, ev'n as brief hereto :  
Shall we be Christian Foes, or Christian-Friends ?  
Shall we among our selves the name divide ?  
Or challenge them that have the same deny'd ?

Brave



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail  
About the Lyons legs, to cast him so ;  
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,  
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow :  
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,  
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.  
At last the Lyon faintly turns aside,  
And looks about, as if he would be gone ;  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon have at your hide,  
Defend thy devils face, I'll lay it on.  
With that couragiously to work he goes,  
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.  
The ugly beast, with flaggy wings display'd,  
Comes at him manly, with most dreadful paws,  
Whose very looks might make a man afraid,  
So terrible seem'd his devouring jaws :  
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of hell,  
More horrible than pen or tongue can tell.  
His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,  
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke :  
Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher  
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke ;  
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,  
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore.  
With that his mortallising he stretched out,  
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel ;  
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about  
The Horses legs, more nimble then an Eel :  
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade  
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.  
One fatal blow he gave him in the side,  
From thence did issue streams of swartthy blood ;

G

The

## The Famous History

The sword had made passage broad and wide,  
That deep into the Monster's gore *Guy* stood :  
Then with a second blow he overtook him,  
Which made the Dragon turn to have forsook him  
Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,  
I see thou faintest at the point to fall;  
Then such a stroke of death he did him give,  
That down come Dragon, crying out withall  
So horrible, the sound did more affright  
The Conqueror, than all the dreadful fight.  
Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lie;  
But looking back, espies behind his Horse  
The Lyon coming after very nigh,  
Which makes him light to follow manly force :  
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,  
He came to him, and like a dog did fawn.  
Like to that grateful Lyon which did free  
*Androdus* life, for pulling out a thorn,  
When by offence he should by Laws decree,  
Within a Theater by beasts be torn ;  
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,  
Bearing (as seem'd ) an old good turn in mind.  
Ev'n so this gentle creature deals with him,  
For that same benefit which he had don ;  
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,  
Yet like a Spaniel by his horse did run ;  
Continuing many days with great desire,  
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire,  
Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,  
Imbarques for *France*, but by contrary wind  
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make  
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind ;

The



## of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

The Emperor rejoyces that he's come,  
And bids him welcom, into Christendom.  
There is he entertain'd with Turnament,  
With Kingly Banquets, Princely Revelling:  
And multitudes to give their eyes content,  
Attend him with their throng, still wondering  
At all his worthy Acts report had spread,  
Wherewith their ears most strangely had been fed  
From thence he travels towards his loving friend  
The Duke of *Lovain* whom he long'd to see:  
But ere he came unto his journeys end,  
A wronged Lady he did worth'ly free;  
Which violently was from her love bereft  
And he at point of death sore wounded left.  
Thus it befel, *Terry* a valiant Earl,  
With his dear Love, surnam'd *Osile* the fair,  
(His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl)  
Into a Forest went to take the air;  
Whereas a plot was laid to take his life,  
And make his beauteous Love anothers wife.  
Upon the sudden sixteen Villains came,  
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.  
*Sirrah* (quoth one) thou hast a wench we claim,  
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground.  
And the next passenger that thou dost see,  
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.  
*Guy* finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,  
Doth comfort him in kindest sort he can:  
Who with the loss of blood doth weakly faint,  
With force of deadly choler, pale and wan:  
Courage (quoth he) I'll fetch thy Love again,  
Or say that *Guy* is but a Coward Swain.

## *The Famous History*

When *Terry* heard that name, he did revive,  
For unto him *Guy's* worthy deeds were known:  
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive  
For to embrace him in deep passions groan. (heart)  
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with soul and  
For sending thee to take my wronged part.  
Which is the way (quoth he) those villains went?  
That path, said woful *Terry* by yon Oak:  
Have after them, this deed they shall repent,  
As I'am a Christian Knight; and as he spoke,  
He heard a shriek, which was the Ladies cry.  
So by that sound he did them soon descry.  
Coming unto them, Wretched slaves (quoth he)  
What do you purpose with this Lady here?  
Inlarge her presently, and set her free,  
You have done wrongs that will be rated dear;  
Her Husband won d'ed, she us'd violent  
Will cost your lives a price incontinent.  
With that they laugh'd & said, what fool's this same  
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind:  
That meanes by wilful death to get a name,  
And have the world report he hath been kind?  
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit,  
And meanes to fight, without both fear and wit.  
Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,  
You shall all find to be a raging one,  
With that he shews them *Mars* his angry brow,  
And bids the Lady cease her pensive moan:  
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy encline,  
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine.  
Then with a courage admirable bold,  
At every blow some one or other dies:

Which



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Which when the gentle Lady did behold,  
Oh pity ! worthy Knight, she crys ;  
These mortal wounds I can no longer see ;  
Be not so bloody in revenging me.  
Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,  
This is to me a terrifying sight :  
Oh ! with their lives thou takest mine away ;  
If one die more, I faintly yield my sp'rite.  
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,  
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.  
Lady (quoth he ) I cease at your request,  
Depart base Rascals, all but two be gone :  
But Villains, you did bind her for the rest,  
And struck them with his sword (the scabbard on)  
That down to ground they fell, making this 'scuse,  
My Lord, we only kept her for thy use.  
Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,  
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distressed :  
And *Guy* unto that place became her guide ;  
Where coming, they did find him careful drest :  
For in their absence came a Hermit by,  
Which to his bleeding wounds, did salve apply,  
*Terry* and *Osile*, in their joys abound,  
And gratefully to *Guy* all things do give :  
Bethou (said they ) in life and death renown'd,  
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live ;  
Hold, here's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*  
In fight for thee, I will be proud to die.

Guy

## The Famous History

Guy takes Earl Terries Fathers part,  
and kills the Duke his foe.  
With sword destroys a cruel Boar,  
prevailing danger so.

### C A N T O VIII.

NOW *Titans* Horses with his fiery Carr,  
Had brought the day to darkness in the West;  
And *Vesper*, the silver shining Starr,  
Which doth adorn the skies at evening best;  
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,  
To welcom sable - nights approaching near.  
When *Terry*, *Guy* and *Osile* wanting guide,  
Did stay about the unfrequented Wood,  
Hearing the savage noise on every side,  
Of Beasts that thirsted after human blood,  
As Boars and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,  
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.  
On every side they cast a heedful eye,  
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprise;  
At length two armed men they did espy,  
That also listen to those fearful cries:  
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,  
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn,  
Coming more near, Sir *Heraud* was the one,  
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend, (known,  
Who with embracements made their gladness  
And then the Earl demanded to what end  
His loving Cousin pass'd the desert so?  
My Lord (quoth he) to bring the news of wo.  
Thy



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thy noble Father is besieged now  
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* Power;  
Who hath Protested by a solemn vow,  
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,  
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,  
He swears thy Father's life escapeth not.  
His Love (quoth *Terry*) prithee *Osile* speak,  
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thought  
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?  
Or been the instigator unto ought  
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?  
Ever, (quoth *Osile*) thou hast been upright.  
That wretch would force my love from thee away,  
In claiming that I ne're intend to give;  
I will be thine until my dying day,  
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live:  
*And when I alter this determination,*  
*Let God and man hold me in detestation.*  
Well spoke (said *Guy*) Lady be constant ever,  
And honour's blemish then thou needst not doubt;  
Keep Lov's foundation firm, alter it never,  
It is for Love I range the World about:  
And do expose my life to mortal danger,  
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.  
But *Terry*, wherefore are thy looks so sad?  
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace;  
As far as *England* mine is to be had,  
And many years I have not seen her face:  
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,  
But that my patience is a trusty friend.  
My Lord (saith *Terry*) know you not my grief,  
And heard this messenger relate the cause?

Oh

## The Famous History

Oh my distressed Father wants relief !  
I were a Rebel unto Nature's Laws,  
Not to condole with him in his extreame,  
Making his trouble my true sorrows Theame.  
If that be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,  
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon :  
I'll terrifie Duke *Otten* with my name,  
Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone.  
Something between us may not be forgot,  
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.  
Since that, against my life a plot he laid,  
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a wood,  
But treachery with vengeance was repaid ;  
Who ever knew a Traitor's end prove good ?  
Accursed haps attend them ever more :  
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.  
I will go with thee to defend thy Father,  
(For the oppressed I have vow'd to right )  
And reason moveth it, so much the rather  
Mine own abuses therewith to requite :  
This opportunity we'll not omit,  
In that occasion falleth out so fit.  
Let's hasten on with speed unto the place,  
Preventing mischief e're too far it run,  
Take hold on Time before he turns his face,  
Good proveth best, when it is soonest done ;  
Go like *Aeneas* with a filial joy,  
To fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.  
Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart  
Cannot be daunted, I perceive, with fear ;  
Compos'd of Mars his Element thou art,  
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear :

My



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

My Melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,  
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.  
Now all in post they speed themselves away,  
And in short time unto the Castle come,  
Whereas Duke *Ottens* and his forces lay,  
Relying on his Soldiers ample summe:  
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,  
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.  
This was discouragement to all the rest,  
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.  
Yet did the Duke most resolute protest,  
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,  
He would not leave it basely and retire;  
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.  
*Terry* (quoth *Guy*) we must not tedious be;  
Experience often hath my Tutor been,  
And taught, that when advantage I do see,  
To fasten on occasion and begin:  
The enemy by fear himself subdues,  
Add force to that, and victory ensues,  
We will not make our prison of this place,  
As long as there is field-room to be got;  
'Tis my desire to meet the Duke's good Grace,  
And combat him, because he loves me not:  
If that you will not leave this house of stone,  
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.  
And with these words *Herand* and he depart,  
Which when the Castle-soldiers did perceive,  
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,  
Thy honourable steps we will not leave:  
We are resolved to attend thee still,  
Let Fortune use us, ev'n as fortune will.

H

And

## *The Famous History*

And thus most valiant they do march along,  
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe;  
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,  
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow;  
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flye,  
Perish (quoth he) base Villains, here I'll die.  
Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,  
And thus pursueth me from place to place?  
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,  
And meet with resolution face to face:  
Let equal envy make his equal match,  
All controversies we will soon dispatch.  
Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud Foe, I yield consent:  
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;  
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,  
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear:  
The noble-minded censure him with shame  
That lives to see the death of his good name.  
Then toward each other they did mainly make,  
And break their Lances very violent;  
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,  
Fighting until great store of blood was spent.  
For envy did the Duke's keen weapon whet;  
And on *Guy's* sword revenge an edge did set;  
At length through loss of blood the Duke fell down  
And said, Now fond felicity farewell;  
I am betray'd by Fortune's angry frown,  
And this experience to the world doth tell,  
There's nothing constant that the Earth contains,  
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple Swains.  
Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,  
Greatness hath great accounts thereon depending:

As



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

As Death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,  
There is no peace unto a happy ending:

My dying hour yields more repenting grace,  
Than in my life I ever could imbrace.

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,  
And leaves the breathless body did contain it:

While woful passions do afflict *Guy's* heart,  
Now wishing to himself he had not slain it:

*For true humility compassion shows,  
To see affliction overburthen woes.*

*Guy* sheath'd his sword, and said Remain thou there  
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore:

No further quarrel to the world I bear,

For love of *Phelice* I will bleed no more;

From her I have been too too long away,

And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.

So thence he rode to find Sir *Herand* out,

Making his journey through a desert place,

Which was obscure, environ'd round about

With shady trees that hid bright *Phæbus* face

Where suddenly he met the hugest Boar,

That ever mortal eyes beheld before.

The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,

Which he perceiving, stands upon his guard,

And doth avoid those dreadful Tusks right well,

Laying upon his swinish head so hard,

That dead he left him, who had many slain,

For forth that Wood no man came back again.

When this was done, *Herand* he overtakes,

And tells him what a Christmas Brawn he slew,

Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,

Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu.

## The Famous History

And see the heavenly object of his heart ;  
*Herand* consents, and they forthwith depart.

~~~~~!~~~~~

To England comes victorious Guy  
and doth fair Phælice wed ;  
At York, presenting Athelstone  
a dreadful Dragons head.

~~~~~

### CANTO IX

Assisted now by nimble-winged Time, (leave  
Guy shapes his course for England, and doth  
The bold adventures of each foreign Clime,  
Love's just reward from Phælice to receive :

As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,  
Found time for *Dianer's* love at last.

*Herand* and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,  
But news thereof unto the King was brought,  
Who heard of all before they did atchieve ;  
Which made him much desirous in his thought  
To see such subjects, matchless men alone,  
In honouring England, and King *Athelstone*.

To York they go, for there the King was then,  
To whom they did most humble duty shew ;  
Welcom (quoth he) renowned Martial men ;  
My Princely love upon you I bestow ;

Your fortunate success contentment breeds,  
Fame came before and brought us home your deeds.  
Guy, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear

Upon the necks of Pagans, infidels,  
And sent them home by fatal sword and Spear,  
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwell ;

Devouring



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

During Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,  
That human creatures fearful have annoy'd.  
Yet worthy man, I think thou ne'r did slay,  
Of all those Monsters terrible and wild,  
A creature more cruel, than at this day  
Destroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,  
Cattel and all, which no man may withstand,  
A dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*.  
I speak not this to animate thee on,  
And hazard life at setting foot on shore ;  
For divers to destroy this Beast have gone,  
But to their Friends never returned more.  
No, I express how happy thou hast been,  
To free like fears that other men were in.  
Dread Lord ( quoth he ) as I am *English* Knight,  
And faithful unto God, true to my King,  
I will go see if that same Beast dare bite,  
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring :  
I found his fellow with a Lion fighting,  
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.  
And as I dealt with him, I'll deal with this :  
Only I do beseech your Royal Grace,  
Command me some direction where he is,  
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly face,  
Or your mild favour let me never see ;  
Dragon or Devil, whatsoe're he be.  
So taking humble leave, away he rides  
Unto *Northumberland*, to find the beast ;  
Having a dozen Knights which were his guide,  
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast  
Like *Canibal*, that feeds on flesh of men:  
Behold ( quoth they to Guy ) yon Cave's his Den.

It

## *The Famous History*

It is enough, said he, do you remain,  
And leave me to go find out *Hidra's* head,  
That never shall devour a man again,  
Who with so many bodies hath been fed:  
Here Gentlemen, if you will please to stay,  
Sit on your Horses, and behold our fray.  
Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,  
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled brest  
Of dreadful form: as soon as e're *Guy* eyes him,  
His Launce he speedy set unto his wrest;  
Then spurs to Horse, and at the Dragon makes;  
That bearing ground at the Encounter shakes.  
Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,  
And comes upon him with redoubled might:  
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,  
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite:  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to such bites you fall,  
I have a tool to pick your teeth withal.  
Then drew his Sword (a keen and massie blade)  
And fiercely struck with furious blows so fell,  
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,  
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn, like mouth of hell;  
Roaring aloud with a most hideous sound,  
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.  
Impatient of the smart he did sustain,  
He thought with wings to raise himself aloft,  
But with a stroke *Guy* brought him down again,  
And ply'd him with the edg of steel so oft,  
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd;  
And forth his wide devouring Oven bray'd:  
A flake of fire seemed to issue thence,  
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.

Now



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Now Fiend (quoth he) thou hast thy recompence  
For all the human blood thy jaws have shed;  
Upon a dart of this same broken spear,  
Thy filthy face unto the King I'll bear.  
The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view  
Of that same fearful creature, strange of shape:  
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,  
With wonderment, that mortal could escape  
Those teeth and claws, so dreadful, sharp and long,  
Compos'd by nature in a Beast so strong.  
When they had fix'd the head upon a spear,  
And measur'd out the bodies length direct:  
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,  
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.  
God shield (quoth he) and save me from all evil,  
Here is face may well out-face the Devil.  
What staring eyes of burning-glass be those,  
That might (alive) two flaming Beacons seem?  
What scales of Harness arm that crooked nose  
And teeth? none such had *Cerberus* I deem;  
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there  
That being dead, may make the living fear?  
Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire  
And place thee highly in our Kingly love;  
Throughout the spacious Orb thy Fame aspire,  
More lofty than the Supream Sphere doth move:  
To the succeeding ages of thy Land  
I will remember thy victorious Hand.  
Which shall be thus, the Monster's picture wrought  
On cloth of Arras artificial well;  
And unto *Warwick* we will have it brought,  
There to remain, and after-ages tell,

That

## *The Famous History*

That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchless strength,  
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.  
And place his head here on the Castle wall,  
For memory, till years do ruin it :  
And Nobles make triumphant Festival,  
Afford our Knight all honour doth besit :  
*Troy's Hector's* dead, and can no more atchieve,  
But *England's Hector* still remains alive.  
By this report ( the only Linguist living )  
Hath been with *Phelice*, for to make her glad,  
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,  
As never greater any Worthy had ;  
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,  
From the first action that his hand begun.  
*Phelice* impatient of his wished sight,  
Speeds towards *Lincoln*, like light *Salmacis*,  
Where joyfully she entertains her knight  
With *Juno's* kind embrace, and *Venus* kifs :  
*Guy* with requiral makes his gladness known,  
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.  
Forgetful Love, and too too slow ( quoth she )  
I fear'd thou didst not mind thy dearest friend :  
What, seek a Dragon, e're thou look for me ;  
And hazard life, before thou come or send  
To know if I remain in happy state ?  
Some jealous woman would suppose 'twere hate.  
But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,  
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore :  
*Guy* ! Welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art,  
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more :  
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray,  
Stern countenance hath stoln thy smiles away.  
But



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

But love will learn thee (Love) to change thy face;  
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it;  
Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace;  
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it  
In Foreign parts abroad, where thou hast been;  
But that lost lesson thou must new begin.  
I will (quoth he) dear Love, and ply my Book,  
And kiss my Lesson on thy Coral lip:  
Tell me but only when I am mistook,  
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,  
Or be too negligent in taking pain,  
Why turn me back to conn my gear again.  
But Lady, one exception I will make,  
What line soever you do put me to,  
The Horn-book of all other I'll forsake:  
For willingly I would not have to do  
With that Cross-row, cross upon many, when  
Women do teach it unto married men.  
Kind Sir (quoth she) content, I'll never chuse it,  
It fits two sorts, a Courtezan, a Child:  
Once as the latter simply I did use it;  
But for the other, rather be beguil'd,  
Then to deceive, the second Horn-book's naught,  
Teach it not me, and it shall ne'er be taught:  
Guy smil'd, and said, let us Warwick see,  
Of all the world the place that I love best;  
Because it had the bringing up of thee:  
And there first with thy Beauty I was blest.  
I love the Castle, and the Castle-ground,  
Where first thy Venus-face alone I found.  
Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice,  
I Guy take Phælice to my wedded Wife:

I

And

## The Famous History

And thou repeat, I likewise am thy choice,  
Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life:  
And then the next will be, God give us joy,  
And send thy Fathers Heir a gallant Boy.

~~~~~  
The Marriage is solemniz'd,  
But after four days,  
Guy Penance vows, and Pilgrim-like  
from England goes his ways.  
~~~~~

### CANTO X.

**T**He happy day (that Lovers long expect)  
Is now obtain'd, to give desire rest:  
And all the Honours *Hymen* can effect,  
He frank bestows, to grace the Wedding-feast.  
For *Athelstone* and his renowned Queen,  
At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen,  
The Nobles rich and costly attire,  
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,  
Ladies of Honour (as their lives require)  
Attend upon the beauteous fair-fac'd Bride.  
There wanted nothing (wit of man could find)  
To please the eye, or to content the mind.  
Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Turnament,  
Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,  
Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content;  
Where Cups of *Nectar* plenty overflows,  
Abundant all things with a plenty hand,  
As if a King himself should feast the Land.  
Soon after all these things were consummate,  
Earl *Roband* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dies;  
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate  
Of Earldom, Lordship, all his Land is *Guy's*,

Who



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Who is created Earl of *Warwick* then,  
In Honour's rank, with *England's* Noblemen.  
But in the Glory of his high applaud,  
Enjoying all that did partake delight;  
When every tongue his Fame and Fortune's laud,  
Himself converts his Sun-shine days to nights;  
Bethinking what the world may judg bethought;  
And deeming all but vain, that he had sought.  
Oft would he sit and meditate alone,  
In looking back what steps his youth had trod:  
Then to himself with sighs and grievous grone,  
Cry Pardon me, thou just incensed God;  
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace,  
But spent my time about a womans face.  
For Beauty bloody through the world I ran,  
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* Feature:  
For Beauty I have ended many a man,  
Hating all other for one mortal creature:  
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;  
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.  
My *Nunquam sera* I will now begin,  
And vow to spend the remnant of my days  
In contrite penance for my former sin,  
That God may pardon all the erring ways  
Which flesh and body were deceived by;  
Unto the world I will go learn to dy.  
Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,  
I'll please my God in all things may be done:  
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;  
I'll teach Age meekness ere my Glas be run:  
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world, farwel  
To purchase Heav'n I will go pass through Hell.

## *The Famous History*

*Phelice* perceives his melancholy state,  
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;  
My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late?  
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too:  
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,  
I will with tears perform due recompence.  
No, my dear Love, (quoth *Guy*) no cause in thee,  
'Tis with my self I discontented strive:  
By light of Grace my Nature's faults I see,  
That am as dead, although I seem alive:  
*Phelice*, my sins, my countless sins appear,  
Crying Repent, thy guilty conscience clear.  
I must deal with thee as *Bavarus* dealt  
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygnnda* his wife,  
Who (from a deep impression he felt)  
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life  
Entreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soul)  
To pardon me, not urging by contoul.  
Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,  
A Christian woman sometimes *Englands* Queen;  
Is *Edelthrudis* act of chaste life hid,  
A Princess likewise, and matchless doth seem;  
The first with child, no more of lust would tast,  
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste.  
And canst not thou (the Phoenix of a Realm)  
By imitation win immortal praise?  
Leaving thy Vertues and admired The am,  
To the succeeding Age of Iron-days?  
I know thou canst, thy greater part's Divine,  
Where most is carnal, 'twill to flesh incline.  
Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)  
My pride by Conquests to attain thy love:

God



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it;  
My heart and thoughts aspired far above  
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,  
I held their Diadems inferior things.  
But now I gather in a total sum,  
Such follies, and condemn them all to die:  
A man of other fashion I'll become;  
Some better travels for my soul to try,  
Not as before, in armour on my Steed,  
But in a Cown of gray, a Palmers weed.  
Obscure my journey, for I'll take no leave,  
But only leave my endless love to thee:  
Here is my ring, this memory receive,  
And swear the same, to make thee think on me.  
Let me have thine which for thy sake I'll keep,  
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep.  
When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands  
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much;  
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands;  
For the devotion of that age was such,  
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire  
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.  
Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,  
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious sun;  
And his best habit, homely Country-gray,  
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun,  
A Staff, a Srip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,  
Not to be known, nor once admired at.  
And thus with pensive heart, and doleful tears,  
He leaves the fairest Creature *England* had;  
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,  
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad;

Like

## *The Famous History*

Like unto one had banish'd all delight,  
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.  
*Guy* journeys towards the sanctified Ground,  
Whereas sometimes the *Jews* fair City stood,  
In which our Saviour's Sacred Head was crown'd;  
And where for sinful men he shed his blood :  
To see the Sepulcher was his intent,  
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.  
With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,  
And pass'd Desart-places full of danger;  
At last with a most woful Wight did meet,  
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger :  
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all  
To slavish bondage in extreamest Thrall.  
A Giant called *Amarant* detain'd them,  
Whom no man durst encounter for his strength:  
Who in a castle, which he held, had chain'd them,  
*Guy* question'd where; and understands at length.  
The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)  
I'll lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free.  
With that he goes, and lays upon the door,  
Like him that says, I must and will come in:  
The Giant never was so rouz'd before,  
For no such knocking at his gate had been;  
So takes his Club and Keys, and cometh out,  
Staring with ireful countenance about.  
Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?  
Art come to feast the Crows about these Walls?  
Didst never hear, no ransom could him clear,  
That in the compass of my fury falls?  
For making me to take a Porters pains,  
With this same Club I will dash out thy brains.

Sirrah



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y' are quarrelsome I see,  
Choler and you seem very near of kin:  
Dangerous at the Club be-like you be,  
I have been better arm'd, though now go thin.  
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy sprite,  
Here is the weapon that must do me right.  
So draws his sword, salutes him with the same  
About the head, the shoulders, and the side,  
While his erected Club did death proclaim,  
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride:  
Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam,  
That like a furnace he did smoak extream.  
But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,  
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still:  
And ever e're he heav'd his Club again,  
Did brush his plated Coat against his will:  
At such advantage he would never fail  
To bang him soundly in his shirt of Mail.  
At length through thirst *Amarant* feeble grew,  
And said to *Guy* as th' art of humane race,  
Shew it in this, Give Nature's wants their due;  
Let me but go and drink in yonder place:  
Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,  
Than to grant life that's given by the spring.  
I grant thee leave (Quoth *Guy*) go drink thy last  
To pledg the Dragon, and the savage Boar:  
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past,  
But never think to drink cold water more,  
Drink deep to death, and after that Carouse,  
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.  
So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,  
Taking the Water in extreamly, like



*A Giant called Amarant,  
Guy valiantly destroyes;  
Whereby wrong'd Ladies, captive Knights,  
Their liberty enjoys.*



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

A wrecked Ship, that on some Rock is burst,  
When forced bulk aganst the stones doth strike;  
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands,  
That *Guy* admiring to behold it stands.  
Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,  
Thou art about thy Liquor over-long,  
The Fish that in the River do remain,  
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong;  
But I will see their satisfaction made  
With Giants blood they must and shall be paid.  
Villain (quoth *Amarant*) I'll crush thee straight,  
Thy life shall pay thy daring tongues offence;  
This Club (which is about an hundred weight)  
Is Deaths Commission to dispatch thee hence,  
Dress thee for Ravens diet I must needs,  
And break thy bones as they were made of reeds.  
Incensed much by these bold Pagans boasts,  
Which worthy *Guy* could ill indure to hear:  
He hews upon those big supporting posts,  
That like two pillars did the body bear;  
*Amarant* (for them wounds) in choler grows,  
And desp'rately at *Guy* his Club he throws.  
Which did directly on his body light;  
So violent, and weighty therewithall,  
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,  
And ere he could recover from the fall,  
The Giant got the Club again in's fist,  
And struck a stroke that wonderfully mist.  
Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falsehood I'll repay,  
This Coward-act, to intercept my blood;  
Says *Amarant*, I'll murder any way,  
With enemies all vantages are good;

## *The Famous History*

Oh! could I poyson in thy nostrils blow,  
Thou should'st be sure I would dispatch thee so:  
'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appear,  
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,  
Which are thy Tenants while thou livest here,  
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell:  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den;  
Inhuman Monster, hateful unto men.  
But breath thy self a time, while I go drink,  
For flaming *Phebus* with his fiery eye,  
Torments me so with burning heat, I think  
My thirst would serve to drink on Ocean dry;  
Forbear a little, as I dealt with thee.  
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no fool of me;  
No silly wretch, my Father taught more wit,  
How I should use such enemies as thou:  
By all my gods I do rejoyce at it,  
To understand that thirst constrains thee now:  
For all the treasure that the world contains,  
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.  
Relieve my Foe! it were a mad mans part,  
Refresh an adversary to my wrong!  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:  
No fellow, I have known the world too long  
To be so simple; now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.  
And with these words heaving aloft his Club,  
Into the air, he swings the same about:  
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,  
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strut.  
Sirrah (said he) I have you at a lift,  
You now are come unto your latest shift.

Perish



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Perish for ever, with this stroke I send thee,  
(A medicine will do thy thirst much good)  
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee  
And then we'll have carouses of thy blood:  
Here's at thee with a Butcher's down-right blow,  
To please my fury with thine overthrow.  
Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)  
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell:  
Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd  
The thing to me wherein I us'd thee well:  
With more revengethan e're my sword did make,  
On thy accursed head revenge I'll take.  
Thy Giants longitude shall shorter shrink,  
Except thy Sun-scorcht skin be weapon-proof:  
Farewel my thirst, I do disdain to drink;  
Streams keep your water to your own behoof:  
Or let wild Beasts be welcome thereunto,  
With those pearl-drops I will not have to do.  
Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will,  
For thus I do begin my bloody bout:  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,  
It is not that same Club will bear you out;  
And take this payment on thy shagged crown;  
A blow, that brought him with a veng'ance down.  
Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,  
And from his shoulders did his head divide;  
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,  
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide  
To open and to shut, till life was spent;  
So *Guy* took's keys, and to the Castle went.  
Where many woful captives he did find,  
That had been tryed with extremities;

Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,  
 And reason'd with them of their miseries :  
 Each told a tale with tears and sighs, and cries,  
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.  
 There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,  
 That were surprized in the desert Wood ;  
 And had no other diet every day,  
 Than flesh of humane creatures for their food :  
 Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,  
 And in their Wombs, their Husbands buried.  
 Now he bethinks him of his coming there,  
 To enlarge the wronged brethen from their woes ;  
 And as he searched, both great clamours hear,  
 By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,  
 Until he finds a darksome obscure Gate,  
 Arm'd strongly over all with iron-plate :  
 That he unlocks, and enters, where appears  
 The strangest object that he ever saw ;  
 Men, that with famishment of many years,  
 Were like deaths-picture which the Painters draw.  
 Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,  
 Others head downward, by the middle some.  
 With diligence he takes them from the walls,  
 With Liberty their Thralldom to acquaint :  
 Then the perplexed Knight, their Father calls,  
 And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint.  
 I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,  
 But did not warrant you they should be fat.  
 The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,  
 Where Tyranny for many years did dwell :  
 Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease,  
 For pity sake, use wronged women well,

Men



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Men eas'ly may revenge the deeds men do,  
But poor weak women have no strength thereto:  
The good old man, even over-joy'd with this,  
Fell on the ground, and would have kist *Guy's* feet.  
Father (quoth he) refrain so base a kiss;  
For age to honour youth I hold unmeet:  
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,  
I go to mortifie a sinful man.

~~~~~  
Guy on his journey doth proceed,  
with painful Pilgrims life;  
While Warwicks Countess lives in tears  
a chaste and loyal Wife.  
~~~~~

### CANTO X.

**B**Ehold the man that sought contentions out,  
Whose recreation was in angry arms,  
And for his *Venus* rang'd the world about;  
To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms:  
From former disposition alienate,  
Shuns all occasion may procure debate.  
In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,  
Let injury impose what strife can do,  
Abuses shall not force him to dislike,  
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto:  
And taken patience by the hand for's guide,  
To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.  
No worldly joy can give his mind content;  
Delights are gone, as they had never been:  
His only care is, how he may repent  
His spending Youth about the serving sin;

And

## *The Famous History*

And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,  
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.  
His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan;  
His diet of the meanest, hard and spare:  
His life he led like a Religious man,  
His habit poor and homely, thin and bare;  
His dignities and honours were forgot,  
His *Warmicks* Earldome he regarded not.  
Sometimes he would go search into a grave,  
And there he finds a rotten dead mans skull;  
And with the same a conference would have,  
Examining each vanity at full:  
And then himself would answer for the head,  
His own objection in the dead mans stead.  
If thou hast been some Monarch, where's thy crown,  
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?  
Death hath made Conquest of my great renown,  
My golden Scepter, in a fleshly hand,  
Is taken from me by another King,  
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.  
Hast thou been some great Counsellor of state,  
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?  
Where is the Policy thou hadst of late?  
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.  
I have not so much wit as will suffice,  
To kill the worms that in my coffin lies.  
Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,  
For whom right strange adventures have been  
Even such, as (when it was my loving case) (wrought  
For my dear kindest *Phelice* I have fought.  
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin  
Fairer than *Hellen's* was enclosed in.

And



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And on this scalp so wormy eaten bare,  
Where nothing now bone we may behold)  
(Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,  
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;  
And chrystal Eyes to those two hollow eaves;  
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves.  
But where's the substance of this beauty sent,  
So lovely, precious in the sight of men?  
With powerful death, unto the dust it went;  
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.  
And what a picture of it doth remain,  
To tell the wise, *All beauty is but vain.*  
Such memories he often would prefer,  
Of mortal frailty and the force of death:  
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,  
And post-repentance off till latest breath:  
Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove  
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.  
Now for a while reverse your vows of wo,  
For one sad subject to behold another;  
To see new sorrow back to *England* go,  
And to long absent years commit the other.  
Leave doleful *Guy* to aged grief and cares,  
And look on *Phalice*, how his Lady fares  
Like to a widow, all in black attire,  
She doth express her inward doleful mind:  
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire,  
Where she to passion wholly is enclin'd.  
She that of late was pride of *English* Court,  
With Majesty no longer will consort.  
But lives a life like one despis'd life's being;  
And every day unto the world die did,

With

## The Famous History

With judgment's eyes far into folly seeing,  
And nothing well, how fast false pleasures flie ;  
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,  
A greater heap of cares than pen can write.  
Her thoughts run after her departed Lord,  
And travel'd in conceit more fast than he:  
What place (quoth she) can rest to me afford,  
That pilgrim-like hath thus forsaken me?  
Oh sad laments! my soul your burthen bears,  
To think poor *Guy* remembers me in tears.  
Methinks he sits now by a River side,  
And swells the water with his weeping eyes:  
Methinks that, *Phelice, Phelice*, loud he cry'd,  
And charged Eccho bear it through the skies ;  
Then rising up he runs with might and main,  
Saying, sweet Eccho bring my Love again.  
Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,  
*Sylvanus*, this was once the lovely Boy,  
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didst praise,  
But here's thy senseless and transformed joy ;  
'Tis nothing now but boughs and leaves, and tree,  
And made to wither, as all beauties be.  
And then methinks he sits him sadly down,  
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,  
With head in hand, saying, Farewel renown,  
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days  
My true repentance do you all displace ;  
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.  
Ah worthy man that thus canst mortifie  
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,  
And for the gaining of Eternity,  
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature ;

Deed



## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Dead and alive, 'old and new-born again,  
True valiant *Guy*, that hath the Devil slain.  
As thy advice was when thou didst depart,  
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life;  
Although when I was Maid, by Lovers art  
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife:  
I vow by Heav'ns, and all the Pow'rs Divine,  
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste as thine.  
My beauty I will blemish all I may,  
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation;  
By abstinence I will attain the way  
To overcome the force of sins temptation:  
This sentence have I often read and seen,  
*A womans chastity is Virtues Queen.*  
*Cerus* and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,  
Foes to *Diana*, Friends to *Venus* ever;  
Unto licentious life they teach us run,  
And with sobriety associate never.  
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,  
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.  
The Courtly ornament I wore of late,  
In honour of King *Athelstone's* fair Queen,  
Ev'n all those Jewels and thoir Robes of state,  
Wherein so often I was glorious set,  
Shall with their price and value now supply  
Those naked poor that in the streets do lie.  
The Gold and Silver that I do possess,  
About good works shall all employed be;  
The purchase of eternal happiness  
Is of all wealth most precious unto me:  
All that in want to *Warwick* Castle come,  
And crave relief, I will afford them some,

## The Famous History

For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide:  
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd :  
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,  
That their necessities may be sustain'd :  
For young Beginners their Estates to raise ;  
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.  
This I account to be the Heavenly thrift.  
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust :  
And give the riches we receive by gift,  
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must :  
That after this short stinted life's decay,  
We may have life and everlasting day.  
Rejected World, thus do I take my leave  
With thee, and all things thou do'st most esteem :  
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,  
Thy goodness is but only good to seem :  
Of thy false pleasures, I as much have seen,  
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.  
Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,  
(Attending on my *Guy* where'er he be)  
As once the King *sulpitia* did devise,  
His *Lentulus* in banishment to see !  
Or *Hypocrata*-like, in mans attire,  
Following her exil'd King, through Love's desire.  
'Twould something ease my sorrow-wounded heart,  
So to divide the burthen of unrest ;  
For where affliction take afflictions part,  
In hard extreams some comfort is exprest.  
Misery is more easie to abide,  
When friends with friends their crosses do divide.  
But all in yain I wish'd, would God I were ;  
Or thus, or thus, it nought avails my woe :  
Though



## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Though staving thoughts do wander here & there,  
My poor weak body knows not where to go :  
Unto the Holy-Land I heard him say,  
God send me thither at my dying-day.  
I will about my vows and see them paid,  
To do the good that Charity requires :  
When grace to works of virtue does perswade,  
'Tis blessedness to further such desires.  
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,  
I'll strive to please my God with living well.  
In this resolve, that life she entertains,  
Performing all the course she had propounded,  
And such severity therein explains,  
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,  
To see so rare a beauty, rich, high-born,  
Hold all worlds pleasures in contempt and scorn.  
For no perswading friend that she would hear,  
Which motion'd company or recreation ;  
Unto their speech she would not lend an ear,  
That sought to alter her determination :  
But such as came, and of compassion spake,  
She did relieve for blessed Jesus sake.  
Her wandering Lord from Land to Land repairs,  
To seek out places Pilgrims do frequent :  
By careful years turn'd into silver hairs ;  
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languishment :  
( For sorrow gives a man more ancient look  
Than elder time, which lesser cares have took ).  
His old acquaintance in those foreign parts,  
That had before most worthy actions seen,  
Right bold adventures of his long deserts,  
Had lost Sir Guy, as he had never been.

## *The Famous History*

Those that in Armour knew his Martial face,  
Did not expect him in a Friars case.  
Amongst the rest to whom he had been known,  
He met Earl *Terry* banish'd to exile :  
Each unto other being strangers grown,  
Through sorrow, which the senses do beguile ;  
They had forgot that ere they saw each other,  
Yet *Guy* was *Terry's*, *Terry Guy's* sworn brother.  
Having related how their Travel's grew,  
One's voluntary, t' other's by constraint ;  
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,  
Oh English man (saith *Terry*, sighing, faint)  
I had a friend, a Countrey-man of thine,  
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine.  
Tyranny to the face he durst defie,  
And stamp his foot upon oppression's neck :  
Tell me, dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,  
That had a hand to help, a sword to check ?  
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years :  
*Guy Warwick's* Earl, is one of *Englands* Peers.  
What is thy name, *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,  
Greater by birth than fortune makes me seem.  
*Terry* (said he) I vow to do thee right  
In what I may, my poor good-will esteem :  
To human thought my nature doth agree,  
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.  
Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,  
I'll take thy part as far as strength extends :  
If *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us,  
He could but say, *I'll venture life and friends*.  
And be assured, though I simple be,  
I oft have had as good success as he.

*Terry*



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Terry with loving thanks his love requites,  
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,  
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,  
Till mortal wounded. at his feet he dies ;  
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,  
That for that Combat they had singled forth.  
When this was done, the Earl demands his name:  
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow ;  
To no man living I'll reveal the same,  
For I have changed name and nature now :  
Nature's corruption I do strive to leave,  
A new regeneration to receive.  
Farewel my friend, ev'n as my soul would fare,  
If we ne're meet on earth, Heav'n be the place ;  
For idle hours, I have none to spare,  
My hairs look gray, they turn to white apace ;  
I have great loss in short time to redeem ;  
A minute's sorrow is of much esteem.  
So he departs towards *Judea's* ground,  
*Samaria* and *Galilee* to see,  
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd,  
Because their Saviour's choice was there to be,  
Where he did suffer to redeem our loss ;  
Ev'n from the Cratch unto the bloody Cross.  
Much time he spends, and many years bestows,  
From place to place about this holy-Land,  
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,  
Now death of him hath got the upper-hand ;  
For no report came that could ere relate  
His life, his being, or his present state.  
This put the world to silence, men were mute,  
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say.

The

## *The Famous History*

The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,  
Was never known nor fear'd in simple gray,  
But did endeavour all that ere he might,  
Never to be reveal'd to any Wight. .  
For unto none he would his name disclose,  
Nor tell direct what Countrey-man he was :  
Nor of his noble mind make any shows,  
But strive in all things most obscure to pass,  
Un'til by native love his mind was led,  
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

~~~~~  
Guy after many years comes home,  
To England for his grave :  
Kills Co'brond the great Giant, and  
Dies poorly in a Cave.  
~~~~~

### C A N T O XI.

**E**V'n as the brightest glorious shining-day  
Will have a night of darkness to succeed ;  
Which takes the pride of *Phæbus* quite away,  
And makes the Earth to mourn in sable weed :  
Presenting us with drowsie heavy sleep,  
Death's memory in careful thoughts to keep :  
So youth the day of Nature's strength and beauty,  
Which had a splendor like fair Heaven's eye,  
Must yeild to age by a submissive duty,  
And grow so dark, that life of force must dye,  
When length of years brings ancient evening on,  
Irrevocable time is posting gone.  
This cogitation in *Guy's* breast appears,  
By his returning from the Holy Land :

He



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

He finds himself to be a man in years,  
And that his Glass had but a little sand  
To run, before his date of life expire,  
Therefore to *England* he doth back retire,  
There to be buried where he had been born,  
Was all the cause that did induce him back :  
To end his evening where he had his morn,  
In doleful colours of a dead mans black,  
And let that body rest in *English* ground, (found.  
Which through the world no resting place had  
When he arrived on his native shore,  
He found his Country in extream distress ;  
For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,  
Against the Foe was all in readiness,  
The King of *Denmark*, whose destroying hand,  
A mighty Army did securely land ;  
And marched from the Coast with devastation,  
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire ;  
Working such terror unto all the Nation,  
King *Athelston* was forced to retire  
To *Winchester*, which when the *Danes* once knew,  
Towards that City all their strength they drew.  
Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,  
(Invincible their walls of stone were then)  
They wanted Cannon-keys to let them in.  
Hell's picklock powder was unknown to men :  
The Devil had not taught such murdering smok ;  
A Soldier's honour was in manly stroke.  
Beholding now how they repulsed were,  
That *Winchester* by no means would be won :  
They do conclude to summon parley there,  
And with a Challenge have all quarrels done ;

## The Famous History

An *English* man to combat with a *Dane*,  
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.  
Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appear,  
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept;  
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,  
That hath true Valour for his Countrey kept,  
Let him come forth, his manhood to disclose,  
Or else the *English* are but coward-foes.  
Why, very Cravens on their Dunghils dare  
Both crow and strike, before they run and cry;  
Is *English* Courage now become so rare,  
That none will fight, because they fear to dye?  
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,  
Afraid to look on manly martial tools.  
What flanders I have heard in foreign lands,  
Of those poor men for deeds which they have done,  
Most false they are belied of their hands;  
But he says true, that says their feet can run;  
They have a Proverb to instruct them in,  
*That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole skin.*  
Thus did he vaunt in terms of proud disdain (glove:  
And threw his Gauntlet down, say'ng, There's my  
At length great *Guy* no longer could refrain,  
Seeing all strain court'ies to express their love:  
But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord!  
This combat to thy unknown Knight afford.  
Although in simple habit I am hid,  
Yeilding no shew of that I undertake,  
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;  
An end of *Colbrond*, on my soul, I'll make.  
Palmer (quoth *Athelstone*) I like thy sprite,  
God send thee thither, and He aid thee right.

His



W. H. L.